

Luckily, I got a scholarship from the local Charmin Squeezer Club which allowed me to go to college."

"When did this problem with labels resurface, Mr. Johnston?"

"It was after I graduated from college. I started working for Estee Lauder as a marketing executive. I didn't realize I would be working with such high fashion people. But every day a new label would wander into the office . . . Diane Von Furstenberg dresses, Gucci gloves, Pucci purses, Gloria Vanderbilt slacks. I wanted to become a part of this label scene. I had to cover myself with labels."

"What did you do then, Mr. Johnston?"

"I would go shopping after work . . . I bought Ralph Lauren handkerchiefs for myself, Anne Klein cologne for my wife, Levi Strauss blue jeans for my son and a Holly Hobby doll for my daughter. I sent my parents an Oleg Cassini ice bucket . . . for my sister's birthday I sent her an Oscar de La Renta evening gown. Every night I went out and bought a labelled something for my wife . . . Princess Marcella Borghese make-up, and Aigner wallet, Chemise Lacoste blouses, and Candies shoes. She started to get suspicious when I told her to buy Olga bras. And then the bills began to mount. My wife started sewing to cut down on clothes costs. I made her buy Betsy Johnson and Willie Smith designer patterns."

"Well, Mr. Johnston, I'm afraid our time is up for today. Why don't you make an appointment with my receptionist for next week?"

"Do you think you can help me, doctor?"

"Oh, of course. There's nothing to worry about. But I'm off to an hour of tennis. I've got a brand new Stan Smith racket and a can of Billie Jean King tennis balls I'm anxious to try out."

TIDE

Diane Marie Smagatz

The tide will reach out
and fall back with contentment—
wiping away paths
of human resentment.